The COMMONWEAL

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THE WEEK		603
FOUR POEMS	*Thomas Walsh*	605
LEON BLOY'S COLUMBUS	*Raïssa Maritain*	606
O'HIGGINS	*Clarence Finlayson*	610
NEW WORLD'S FIRST SAINT	*D. H. Moseley*	612
VIEWS AND REVIEWS	*Michael Williams*	614
THE STAGE	*David Burnham*	615
THE SCREEN	*Philip T. Hartung*	615
A RUMOR LOOKED INTO	*Harry Lorin Binsse*	617
CARLOS PEREYRA	*Paul V. Murray*	618
BOOKS OF THE WEEK		620

The Epic of Latin American Literature—The Days of Ofelia—Briefer

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Pan Americanism 1942

COLUMBUS DAY this year, despite the 450th anniversary and added popular festivities, was in the United States chiefly an Italian-American festival. Throughout the other Americas it was once again the Spanish Day-of-the-Race. Yet this October 12 found the "21 republics" more united than ever before in history. All but two of these nations are arrayed against a common enemy and Chile is apparently on the way. Under the impact of war millions of North Americans for the first time are becoming vitally interested in their neighbors of this hemisphere. How many realize here that an organization such as the Pan American Union, which periodically called important conferences enlisting the leading statesmen, scholars and industrialists of all the Americas, has been active for more than half a century? Pan Americanism is no new thing; yet its results have been rather meager up to now. The peoples of the two Americas do not yet begin to understand each other. There is reason to fear that once the present crisis is passed Pan Americanism will again be relegated to a secondary rôle.

The loss of the Dutch East Indies and Malaya has made it imperative that the US get access to such strategic materials as rubber, tin, magnesium and others. This is absolutely essential if we are to build up the war machine requisite for the United Nations. Dire necessity explains in large part the hundred technical missions from the United States now said to be in the Latin Americas. Experts on mining and refining, machinery and transportation, are helping to speed up new production. The main stem of the Pan American highway is being rushed to completion to afford land shipment of many vital materials. An Anglo-American food board is allocating sources of fats and vegetable oils between Britain and the United States. Specific examples also include the mission to Bolivia to develop highways, petroleum and the sugar industry; the commission in this country to buy unused, second-hand plants for Chile; the new plants and mining facilities in Mexico set up with the help of our capital and our engineers. This will result in vast new supplies of things our forces need, and it will accelerate the industrial development of the Latin American countries to a marked degree.

Post-war Central and South America will contain no more "banana republics." And regardless of the extent to which they resume their European trade—we hope indeed that sound international trade will be in the ascendant—their economies will be different. In view of the fact that there is no turning back of the clock the program of the Cooke mission to Brazil seems highly significant. The present emphasis is on war needs. Ways are to be found of saving shipping space by increasing feasible local production of essential commodities hitherto imported and finding adequate substitute native raw materials wherever possible. Transportation facilities are to be built up, especially to connect important sources of supply. Iron mines and new steel plants are to be opened up and a large scale rubber program is under way. At the same time, however, plans are being laid for long-range Brazilian industrial expansion, which will undoubtedly include transformation of the new war production facilities. Coffee and cocoa are already losing rank as the nation's principal products, while only a growing textile industry is able to underwrite the importance of Brazilian cotton. In fact the Cooke commission fully expects that after the war Brazil will become an important exporter of manufactured products.

After the war all the Americas will be facing the common problems of demobilization and the changing over of our heightened productive facilities to peace-time use. We shall all be faced with the responsibility of playing a larger part in the governance of the world. And the task of exploiting and distributing the vast sources of material wealth with which we have been endowed for the good of the human race will weigh heavily upon us. For these and other reasons Pan Americanism is no mere slogan of the hour whipped up to prevent aggressors from the East or from the West from gaining a foothold in the New World or to spur production of essential implements of war. Potentially it is a powerful means of achieving and maintaining a measure of peace and justice upon this earth.

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Manners Maketh Man

OF ALL the causes of human dissension, have manners ever been assigned their proper importance? We are still tribal, and strive as we will, we cannot forgive small differences half as easily as we can large—unless we deliberately try to ascertain what those differences are, why they are, why they are small and not worth the irritation they engender.

Those generalizations apply to a great variety of cases. Much unreflective anti-Semitism springs from Western dislike for the demonstrative manners of the old-fashioned Jew. Many of the strange and lingering notions about Frenchmen and Germans and Italians come from the way they drink, amuse themselves, eat. In the realm of things far more strictly religious—the same thing holds. We all know how shocking it is to certain Catholics the first time they hear the Pope cheered in St. Peter's, or the first time they see the columns of an Italian church all dressed up in pantalettes of bunting for a great feast. We also know that in some countries the notion of priests playing tennis or golf or riding to hounds would horrify, while in others their abstention from these same sports would seem sheer affectation. The Latin clergy is likely to be profoundly disturbed at seeing the familiar and "democratic" manners of our own priests. One could keep on for pages.

Such differences seem and are of no consequence *in themselves*. Upon sober reflection, none of them betokens sin. Yet all of them are important because they reflect long standing traditions of behavior, ancient ideals of right conduct which, as Westermarck would have it of all morals, differ widely and properly from one nation, one cultural group, to another. Today we are talking a lot about Pan American *understanding*. Certainly a very real stumbling block are the differences of this peripheral yet profound sort which exist between us. And since Catholics have a great advantage—that of having no differences in essentials of religious ideology—would it not be peculiarly valuable for Catholics to study, to understand the cultural things which can so easily divide them? Here is a field for frank—and often very amusing—talk and speculation. Given its little tillage, it is no wonder that North American Catholics are as yet more ignorant of the Latin American Church than they are, say, of the customs of Japanese Shinto—not, of course, with regard to doctrine, but with regard to those social habits and cultural idiosyncrasies which seem so small and mean so much to the peace of this world.

Sound Political Weapon

WE HAVE already had occasion to point out that in this war it is the German authorities themselves who describe, enumerate and proclaim the measures they have taken in reprisal for acts of resistance to the rule they impose in conquered and occupied territory. They announce Lidice, they post lists of hostages shot and these lists are growing longer and longer, intolerably: they state, explain and justify this policy of repression under which men and women innocent of a particular act are punished for an act admittedly performed by others. It is all in the open; it is all very frank. But, concurring with the vast majority of people outside of Germany and with a certain number of Germans within Germany, we have said, as strongly as we could, that this German policy cannot be justified in morals or in law. In great anxiety we have sought what course could be followed by the United Nations in order effectively to prevent the atrocious and cruel acts which the German policy paraded all over a suffering Europe. With this object in view there was a choice, fundamentally, between law and avenging fury. We counseled against any policy which simply would counter the German policy: no mass reprisals, no bombing of defenseless villages.

President Roosevelt has now stated our Government's position: "I now declare it to be the intention of this Government that the successful conclusion of the war shall include provision for the surrender to the United Nations of war criminals . . . the number of persons eventually found guilty will undoubtedly be extremely small compared to the total enemy populations. It is not the intention of this Government or of the governments associated with us to resort to mass reprisals. It is our intention that just and sure punishment shall be meted out to the ringleaders responsible for the organized murder of thousands of innocent persons and the commission of atrocities which have violated every tenet of the Christian faith."

Justice is a duty imposed on man: it is not a pleasant duty; it is not pleasant to be a juror in a case involving only a few dollars but involving a decision which will be just or not just. It will not be pleasant for any court after the war to sit in judgment on defeated Germans no matter how evident and self proclaimed their crimes. It will not be pleasant but it will be an inescapable duty of justice. And there is this to be said. If, when the war is ended, the peoples of Europe, the outraged and furious, find no tribunal at work to punish the guilty, their vengeance will be uncontrollable. The Germans, guilty or innocent, all Germans, will form a mass of indiscriminately hunted men. The pendulum of injustice and violence will swing above a continent of horror. Hate will persist in endless automatism. By many people the President's pronouncement will be considered of academic interest; some will read into it, unjustifiably, a spirit of hatred: we believe that it is inseparable from our aims of justice.

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Four Poems

By (or translated by) **Thomas Walsh**

Villancico

Sung in Honor of the Blessed Virgin in Mexico, 1685

Behold where in triumph
The Empress on high
Wafts over the zephyrs
Of radiant sky!
Behold how she brightens
The soft seas of air
On her cloud-banks of gold,
Pearl and crimsonings rare!
'Neath her footsteps of beauty
Are gladly bespread
The throning of stars
And blue fields for her tread.
And her tresses are stirring
In glorious sway
Like a cresting of Ophir's
Gold hammers at play.
Undaunted the panoply
Spreads to invade
The world realms of marble—
The world gulfs of jade.
'Tis here that the noontide
Learned flame to beguile,
The stars how to glitter,
The dawns how to smile.
Let us to this glory
In hymning ascend:
It has shone without blemish,
May it shine without end!

Estribillo

Let our voices together
Implore it to fill
The dark fold where we gather
To pray for it still.

Translated from the Spanish of Sister Juan Inés de la Cruz (1651-1695).

Autumnal Sweetness

There is a weeping through the paling trees
That shed their leaves along the distant walks;
It seems as though our step accompanies
A stealthy foot with which the silence stalks.

A bird is lost within the distant skies;
Within the garden droop the alien flowers,
As though they breathed in their expiring sighs
Some ecstasy of love's relinquished hours.

There is a holy light upon the heaven,
A twitter from the nests. In its recess
The marble fountain sheds its tearful leaves—
A dripping hymnal to forgetfulness.

LEOPOLDO LUGONES (*Argentina*).

My Shadow

I loved thee—there was none that knew,
Nor I myself could give the answer true;
I love thee still beyond all things that be,
Why hast thou loved me not as I loved thee?
They point the finger at me now in truth—
There goes a townbred youth!

CARLOS PRENDEZ SALDÍAS (*Chile.*)

Calle de Lamparillas

(Havana, Cuba)

It is a little street, and very humbly
It winds through the quarter on the harbor-front;
All day odors of spices and cordage,
And fruits fragrant and decaying,
Cloy its murky atmosphere;
But at night the harbor winds
Rush through it with a rustle
That makes my heart stand still;
Then it grows fresh and cool as the memory
Of a wise old friend who is dead.

On either side, the little houses
Jostle so close that sunshine
Rarely touches more than their eaves.
Here are deep shadows by noontide
At the entrances and windows,
Although the wheat and flour warehouses
Whiten the road and carts and workmen,
So that they seem at some travesty of Pierrot
As they labor under their loads.
There is a burr of Spanish—Asturian
And Galician, rather than Castilian—
But by night, silence—loneliness—
Nothingness—Where are the little lamps
Of old, and the fair fingers that hung them forth?—
Gone!—Oh, light me your candle, Pierrot, again!

THOMAS WALSH.

The late Thomas Walsh (1875-1928) was truly a pioneer in his efforts to understand and make us understand our Spanish and Portuguese speaking neighbors. It seems fitting to commemorate him by reprinting herewith four of the poems he at one time or another published in the pages of THE COMMONWEAL—*one original composition of his own and three translations of distinguished Latin American verse.*—THE EDITORS.

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Léon Bloy's Columbus

By **Raïssa Maritain**

THE "Révélateur du Globe" is Christopher Columbus, and it is also the title of Léon Bloy's first book. The book appeared in 1884 when Bloy was already thirty-eight years old. It would seem that up till then neither his talent nor his enthusiasm had encountered a subject that could match them nor had it been granted to him to take his due rank amidst his contemporaries, this man who was a nuisance and disturbing, this out-dated "pilgrim of the absolute." But now he reads the "History of Christopher Columbus" which Pius IX in 1851 had asked Roselly de Lorgues to write and which was published in Paris in 1856. Convinced of the grandeur and the holiness of this "Ambassador of God"—the name given to him by his contemporary, Don Jaime Ferrer, the cosmographer of Burgos—Léon Bloy in turn devotes a luminous book to Columbus in which, despite certain hyperboles of intolerance which are the inevitable price to be paid for vigor such as his, his genius and his faith move freely and speak magnificently.

"Le Révélateur du Globe" was published with a preface by Barbey d'Aurévilly. That famous writer admitted that it was not for the fame of Columbus that he had taken the trouble to write his foreword. He felt that he would not be adding "so much as one atom" to Columbus's glory with his "atom of a preface." No, it is Léon Bloy's talent that he wanted to help make known, "a talent today ignored" he wrote, "but a talent that tomorrow will set the world ablaze."

"For it is a fiery spirit nourished by faith and by enthusiasm that this unknown Léon Bloy possesses and which can remain unknown no longer now that his book has come off the press. . . . As far as I am concerned, among the Catholic writers of these times I know of no one who has such an ardor, such a violence of love, such a fanaticism for truth." In this book on Christopher Columbus, Léon Bloy, writes Barbey d'Aurévilly, "has shown that unexpected sovereign power which springs from a source deeper than any in the soul or genius of man, and which soars high above all literature. This extraordinary sovereignty of power comes from the depths of Léon Bloy's faith. Without absolute faith in the supernatural essence of the Church, he would not have written around the character whom he calls 'The Globe's Revelator' a narrative as supernatural as is the Church herself, and he would not have blended the two in so sublime an identification. Léon Bloy's book, which the enemies of the Church will call a 'mystical' book in order to insult it and also in order to avoid having to reply to its author (as if mysticism were not the final glow which God allows man to draw from the hearth of His love in order to penetrate the mystery of His providence), this book . . . is more a glorification of the Church than it is of Christopher Columbus. But if—a supposition—you take Columbus out of the synthesis of the world which alone the Church can contain, and which alone she can explain, he will then be but a man who stands measurable in the scale of human grandeur; but, with the Church and as one with the Church, he immediately becomes great in a providential sense, the visible and incarnate arm of God foreseen since the beginning of the world by the prophets of the earliest times. . . ."

It is certainly in this light that Léon Bloy sees Christopher Columbus. Founding his views on the historical documentation contained in Roselly de Lorgues's book, he arrives at belief in the sanctity of the discoverer of the New World. But Bloy had still other guarantors to confirm his opinion. Was it not Pius IX himself who asked Roselly de Lorgues to write "a complete history" of Christopher Columbus? "Pius IX," says Bloy, "perceived in a flash of high intuition the sanctity of Christopher Columbus which for nearly four centuries had been ignored and disregarded. He entrusts Count Roselly de Lorgues with the task of writing the life of this great servant of God, and this life is written. . . . From all sides the hierarchy forwards respectful pleas to the Holy Father urging the introduction of his cause before the Sacred Congregation of Rites. An immense movement of public opinion lays at the feet of Saint Peter's successor the tremendous apology of a universe stupefied at its own ingratitude. . . . The eminent Archbishop of Genoa, Monseigneur André Charvay . . . makes especially clear and precise the nature of the postulatum in asking that it be granted exceptional treatment."

It seemed, then, toward the middle of the nineteenth century, that the world wished to come out of its long-standing indifference to Christopher Columbus. In Europe and in America believers and unbelievers had begun to reach a new awareness of his greatness. Roselly's book had stirred Christendom, particularly American Christendom. "The bishops of this new land," writes Léon Bloy, "a land before its discovery drenched to unknown depths with the blood of human victims, have felt

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more vividly than have Europeans the prodigious character of the services rendered to humanity and to the Redeemer by the sublime personage who brought the Cross to these vast territories. . . . Even the Protestants recognize that the beatification of Columbus would be a great act of ecclesiastical justice." But the Church was passing through most difficult times and this "justice" was slow in coming. In 1870, on the occasion of the Vatican Council, it had momentarily been possible to hope that the cause of Christopher Columbus would be taken up and advanced. Monseigneur Dubreil, Archbishop of Avignon, had decided to propose "that the cause be introduced by acclamation. . . . All the American bishops and half of the others would have cried out as one man," writes Léon Bloy, "and the declaration of venerability would have been reached *ipso facto*. But almost immediately the Council broke up and this great proposal failed of accomplishment. . . ." It would seem that from that time on the matter was not considered any further at Rome. And it was with the hope of awakening once again the reluctant conscience of the Catholic world that Bloy fourteen years later brought out his "Le Revelateur du Globe."

* * *

These little known facts, it has seemed to me, are worth recalling—not with any intention on my part to take sides in the debate (I am not unaware of the controversies to which the story of Christopher Columbus has given rise)—but in order to place Bloy's book in relation to his times. "Never mind," he cried out after admitting the set-back of 1870, "never mind! Very sure signs announce . . . swift progress in the world-wide desire for this beatification. As I write—in 1884—six hundred and fifteen bishops have signed the postulatum for the introduction of the cause *par voie exceptionelle*." France at that time brought to Christopher Columbus "the magnificent support of seven cardinals, seventeen archbishops and sixty-two bishops."

And so reassured as to the question of prudence and in all the rectitude of his Faith—proclaiming his "entire submission to the doctrine of the Church, to the rules and decisions of the Holy See concerning the canonization of saints," proclaiming "that the Roman Church is the infallible depository of all there is of divine truth in this world, and that outside the Church the human soul can hardly breath"—Léon Bloy gives free rein to his enthusiasm, convinced that history must ever take into account—contrary to the conviction of the critical school—*feeling* and *emotion*, "which is to say the human soul." He sees in history "a grandiose epic of God's justice." Christians who know what man is "must remember that this world is only an image which passes and is gone and that the only thing that is of real interest is that which remains in the bottom of the crucible of time, that is to say the human soul and the motionless embroidery of the divine plan. . . . Simply to tell the story of Hannibal's crossing of the Alps is a mere matter of an artist's palette, but the fact is that this conqueror had a soul and the God of conquerors His plans, and here, precisely, are the two things which it behooves us most to know. The greatest books written by men are historical books. They are called the Holy Books and they were written by men who wrought miracles. At sixty thousand atmospheres beneath them, historians whose inspiration is purely human must work miracles too, after their fashion. It is absolutely necessary that they raise the dead and cause the dead to walk before them and before us. They must light once more the lamps that are extinguished in the catacombs of the past into which they lead us. To accomplish such a prodigy the intuition of the mind does not suffice—what is needed is the intuitive heart. It is necessary to love what you are telling and to love it madly. . . . Like the prophet one must lie down against the dead child, breast against breast, mouth against mouth, and infuse into him one's own life. Then, and not until then, has erudition a right to intervene. Until then documents and everything that is written are no more than the Egyptian swathings which lower a little further the dead into death. And if that be true for poor great men such as a Caesar or a Constantine, what will it be in the case of a saint? Souls are everything in history and the souls of saints are the elders among souls. Everything centers upon them and exists in them and the times in which saints have lived have no historical meaning other than in the providential necessity of their vocation."

To Léon Bloy and Roselly de Lorgues the vocation of Christopher Columbus is inscribed in his very name—*Columba Christum Ferens*—the dove bearing Christ, and that vocation appears to them prefigured in the legend of the Syrian martyr, Saint Christopher.

As regards the dove, it appears, Bloy says, in the heraldry of the noble family from which the navigator issued, for their arms were "Azure with three silver doves . . . with the device: *Fides, Spes, Caritas*." And as regards his name of Christopher, the Admiral was perfectly aware of its significance since he enjoined upon his heirs to sign their name always with a cryptogram of which the last line is: Xpo FERENS, which is to say the Christ-Bearer.

* * *

Saint Christopher's legend is well known. It is told us in the Golden Legend. Christopher forded travelers, carrying them on his shoulder from one bank to another of a stream. One day it was a

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child who came to him. And this child that he bore on his shoulder became so heavy that the fordsman began to fear. And when finally he put down the child upon the bank, the child said to him: "Do not be surprised, Christopher, for not only have you upheld the entire world on your shoulders, but Him also who created the world; for I am Christ. . . . And that I may give you a witness to my word, plant your staff in the sands and tomorrow you will see it covered with leaves and flowers. . . ."

It is worthy of note that since the most ancient times Christian iconography has followed this legend in which nothing whatever recalls the martyrdom suffered by Saint Christopher during the persecution under Emperor Decius. "Both in painting and in sculpture," writes Léon Bloy, "Saint Christopher is represented as a gigantic figure carrying the Child Jesus on his shoulder and *crossing the sea* . . . leaning on a leafed tree trunk with its panoply of branches and its green leaves and its roots." And since this conception of the saint could not in any way be applied to the events of his life, Léon Bloy, following Roselly de Lorgues, thought that it must truly have owed its origin to a prophecy. It was upon this prophecy "for long ages highly mysterious," writes Roselly de Lorgues, "that was based the sculptural type of Saint Christopher, such as it was first produced in the East and such as it is still preserved in the southern countries of Christian Europe. Hence it is not unpermissible to deduce that this prophecy was perhaps contemporary with the martyrdom of Saint Christopher who may have proclaimed that a day would come when a great man who again carried Christ in his name, would in fact bear the law of Jesus Christ across the oceanic seas," for the symbolism always showed Saint Christopher "there where he never went, *on the sea* . . ." He is pictured as carrying *beyond the seas* the Child Jesus who holds in His hand the globe of the world surmounted by the Cross.

* * *

The thesis therefore is that a prophecy of Saint Christopher is at the origin of the traditional iconography of the Saint. Then, after the prophecy had fallen into oblivion, the imagery in turn gave rise to the legend. And it is Christopher Columbus who, fulfilling the prophecy without knowing that he was doing so, gives at long last its real meaning to the legend.

Whatever may be thought as to the legitimacy of such an interpretation, it remains true that if one desired to symbolize *now* the adventure of the Globe's Revelator one could not find a better way of doing so than through the grandiose image of this giant who, bearing on his shoulders the burden of the world's reproval together with his own God-given election, carries from one shore to the other of the dark seas the entire tree of Christianity.

"Of all the men who have hoped on this earth, there is none who has had higher hopes than Christopher Columbus." It is with these moving words that Daniel Sargent begins his fine book on Columbus. And they are, as it were, an echo of Léon Bloy's thought. None but this man of such great hope could succeed in so great an endeavor. "Success was linked to his person providentially," writes Bloy; and he adds: "Today one has to have a hundred college degrees before one can know what is meant by the *human person,* that gigantic and solitary regal state which the Church has rebuilt in its entirety out of dishonored leftovers from the feast of Tantalus, gathered together in the blood of the Son of God." (That was the way Bloy was speaking in 1884, and "personalism" was not yet born . . .)

Like all truly great *persons,* Columbus considered himself placed under the immediate protection of Providence in his enterprise. He said that "Our Redeemer lay bare the way for him." Thus on his first voyage "he took immediately, as though he had traveled it before, the surest and the easiest route to the Antilles."

It was after this first voyage from which he returned in triumph that Christopher Columbus established and proposed to Pope Alexander VI his Line of Demarcation, which was to divide the globe between the two great colonizing powers of the fifteenth century, Spain and Portugal. The episode has undeniable grandeur and deserves Bloy's outcry: "He reveals Creation, he divides the world among the kings of the earth . . ."

In order to avoid ulterior conflicts, "Columbus hits upon the plan to have the Sovereign Pontiff grant for future discoveries by the Castilians in the West a space equal to that which the Portuguese were to have in the East . . . As full of assurance as if there stretched out beneath his gaze the entire spaces of the world, of which more than two thirds were still undiscovered . . . he draws an ideal line from one pole to the other"—a line which passes at an average distance of a hundred leagues to the west of the Azores and the Cape Verde Islands. "And in doing this he selects precisely the point of our planet which science would select:[1] the curious region where there is no declination of the compass, and the Holy See places under its authority the exactness of this measuring of the unknown and the immeasurable." The wonderful thing is that this Line of Demarcation, describing the whole length of the earth through unknown regions, does not in all the immensity of its trajectory touch upon a

[1] "These facts (such as that of the route to the Antilles) have been noted with admiration by Humboldt in his 'History of the Geography of the New Continent' and in his 'Cosmos.'" Roselly de Lorgues.

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single habitable spot where a future conflict of interest might arise, and "miraculously proceeds through the only spaces where there is no land." The Line of Demarcation was approved by the Pope who on May 3 and 4, 1493, granted the Bulls requested of him, and it assured Spain exclusive possession of the new continent in its entirety. And it was Spain herself who through a later agreement with Portugal rectified this line and moved it two hundred and seventy leagues westward, and thus gave to Portugal, unaware that she was doing so, dominion over Brazil.

* * *

The political import of all these matters ceased to exist when the New World achieved its independence and when, too, there disappeared the civilization of the middle ages, a civilization of which Bloy saw in Christopher Columbus the last representative. But the singular predestination of the Globe's Revelator for the task which he accomplished appears brilliantly evident in the circumstances I have related. This predestination did not pass unremarked by his contemporaries, and Las Casas—"the father of the Indians"—who had been one of his faithful friends, to this bore witness in magnificent language after Columbus's death: "It appears that God before the beginning of time granted to this man the Keys of the terrifying sea." And Don Jaime Ferrer had written to Columbus in 1495: "I do not believe that I am in error in saying, My Lord, that you are fulfilling the mission of an Apostle, of an *Ambassador of God,* sent forth with the authority of divine decrees to reveal His Holy Name to the regions where truth remains unknown. It would in no way have been unseemly, disproportionate with the dignity and importance of your mission, for a Pope or a Cardinal of Rome to have taken some share in your glorious efforts in these distant lands. But the weight of affairs restrains the Pope; the sensuality of his comfortable habits, the Cardinal; and prevent them from following you along such a path. Yet it is very certain that with an aim similar to your own, My Lord, the Prince of the Apostolic Militia came to Rome and his collaborators, those vessels of election, went their way throughout the world in fatigue, and harassed, with their sandals worn out, their tunics in shreds, their bodies emaciated by the dangers, the privations and the hardships of those journeys on which often they were nourished by the bread of bitterness."

Léon Bloy sees in Christopher Columbus not only the grandiose nature of his vocation in this world, but sanctity itself: "Sanctity with its threefold characteristic of predestination, edification and contradiction." He calls him "The most extraordinary of all the mad men of the Cross and the most unique of all the divinely insensate." He compares him to Saint Paul and applies to him Chapters XI and XII of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians: "Who has undergone greater labor, suffered greater wounds . . . who has been in greater peril of death . . . in perils from his own nation, in perils from the Gentiles, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils from false brethren; in labor and painfulness, in hunger and thirst, in fasting often, in cold and nakedness . . ." Certainly the greater part of his torments came to him because the aims he had set for himself ran counter to the greed and avarice of men and were intolerable to men. The new wealth brought by the discovery he wanted to place at the service of a new crusade for the liberation of the Holy Sepulchre, he wanted to use to strengthen the temporal power of the Papacy, and for the peace of the world: "It was for the bringing of peace to the world. It was for a crusade." (Quoted by Daniel Sargent.) And because of these aims he was overwhelmed by such calumnies that he himself said that he did not believe that "in Hell any such could be invented." Because of these aims, toward the close of his life he was put in chains. Yet "in God's mercy these things will be told some day all over the world and to him who will bring remedy for such injustice," he wrote, "the Lord God chastises ingratitude above all else." And Bloy thinks that "there is good reason to believe that Spain's swift decline was the punishment" for this ingratitude, that "God's justice took vengeance on an entire nation for the indescribable offenses committed against His second Precursor."

In the book, curiously entitled "Christophe Colomb devant les Taureaux," which Léon Bloy published six years after "Le Révélateur du Globe," he devotes some particularly beautiful and moving pages to the tragic destiny of his hero. He writes: "Toward the end of his fourth journey, the saddest and most tragic of them all—as it was also the journey the most crowded with supernatural happenings—when he saw himself shipwrecked, betrayed, ill and abandoned by everyone . . . he wrote a last time to the Catholic Kings, and the enormity of injustice, the excess of the ingratitude shown him impel him to pity his own fate . . . The Globe's Revelator standing, as it were, in the future, looks back from the future, and mourns the fate of Christopher Columbus. He cries out: 'I have wept up till now for others; now may Heaven have mercy upon me and let the entire earth weep over me! . . . And may he weep over me who loves charity, truth, justice.'"

* * *

How admirable this lament, and what a Biblical quality it possesses! One understands so well how it is that Bloy compares this navigator to the greatest among the predestined. But Bloy does

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not stop at these sublime analogies; his conscience suffers in real and immediate anguish; he cannot admit that such an injustice should be permanent and unchangeable, nor that such a grief should exist, impotent to act upon the future of the world; and, in a deep and moving meditation he sees a new light rising, the dawn of a new hope; he speaks to his own soul:

"Contemplate," he says, "this poor giant, this sorrowful Christ-Bearer, whom the darkness has not been able to devour and who appears to us beyond a continent of darkness in so luminous a solitude!

"As he did so long ago, he advances now, again, over the waves which are not permitted to engulf him, and whose peace has become so divine that one would take these waves for an immense carpet of glittering light stretched beneath the feet of this traveler.

"It is always, and still, the Saviour that he is carrying, and it is always, and still, to the nations deprived of hope that he is carrying Him, but today it is toward the sun that he is advancing . . .

"The desolate Indian peoples whom he has discovered beneath unknown constellations and whom he has wished reborn to God, exist no longer. Long since we have massacred them, these Indians of Columbus . . .

"And yet it is necessary that he should pursue his task . . . and so, now, he retraces his steps, and it is toward ancient Europe, murderess of the children of his spirit, that henceforth he brings back Faith and Hope and Charity.

"He knows better than does anyone else, the gentle and sublime Apostle, that this look he has of an ancestor full with funerals is precisely what is needed to change the heart of the apostate Christian societies. He knows also, with the knowledge of one Blessed, that in this twilight of the world, it is necessary that the ancient prefigurings of which his person was the constant accompaniment should be verified finally now through their absolute accomplishment. For in all truth he is that *dove* which brings back at eventide to the boatman of the Symbolical Ark the green olive branch of liberation from the flood."

Never in the past did I understand as clearly as I do today the extraordinary significance with which these prophetic lines may be burdened. Did Bloy himself know what it was permitted him to say? And could it be known before 1940, before the deluge of blood had spread over the earth, before the cataclysm had plunged Europe into darkness and had darkened the universe?

But today and especially on this side of the Atlantic how can we fail to perceive the identity of our hope with that of Léon Bloy? It is from here that must come Europe's liberation, from this land that Columbus gave to the adventurous children of the ancient continent, who now are returning to save it. Yet they will not really be able to deliver it from evil—or from the Evil One—*a malo*—save that they are able also to dissolve the spiritual darkness which invades it. And so it is necessary that the light of Christ should shine on the Americas and thence should proceed toward that which lies to the Eastward. "Today it is to meet the sun that he advances," Léon Bloy says of Christopher Columbus. The day when ancient Europe and the New World shall thus form one sole *New World* of ecumenical dimensions, and a new Christendom, on that day Christopher Columbus will have fully accomplished his mission. And if he is truly the Christ-Bearer reserved for future times, may one not believe that his glorification by the Church (supposing that his reputation comes to triumph over the suspicions of the historians) is held also in reserve for the joyful days of "delivery from the Flood"? Then only will there appear clearly and in its fullness the fruit of his labors—America's mission of freedom and generosity, the mission of this new "land of promise" that he shall finally have given to the truth of God and to the hope of men.

In a letter (quoted by Bloy) addressed to the Spanish Queen on February 28, 1495, Don Jaime Ferrer said of Christopher Columbus: "I believe that in its high and mysterious designs, Divine Providence chose him as its mandatory for this task which is more divine than human and which seems to me but an introduction and a preparation for those things which the same Divine Providence intends to reveal to us for its glory, for the salvation and for the happiness of the world."

O'Higgins

By Clarence Finlayson

A NUMBER of Irishmen have played prominent rôles in winning independence for our peoples. Perhaps the most famous of all of them is Bernardo O'Higgins, the George Washington of Chile. His life first of all as a soldier and then as a statesman is one of the most striking of that whole stormy period.

Bernardo O'Higgins was the son of Ambrosio O'Higgins, one of the last viceroys of the Spanish Empire. Ambrosio O'Higgins also had a distin-

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guished career. He followed the humble calling of peddler, traveling about the countryside of Spain, whence he had emigrated from Ireland, his native land, and later sailed to South America where he placed himself in the service of the Crown. Little by little he rose in the army until he reached one of its highest posts. As governor of Chile for several years he instituted a series of progressive social reforms. The government of the Peninsula rewarded him for his services by conferring upon him titles of nobility and raising him to the highest colonial office, that of the Viceroy of Peru.

Bernardo O'Higgins was the son of Don Ambrosio and a Chilean, Dona Isabel Riquelme. From the two distinct bloods and races he derived a number of characteristics that explain his temperament, but doubtless there predominated such Irish qualities as: integrity, loyalty, the will to fight on even when all human hope is gone, quick intelligence . . . and above all the ardent love of freedom. He became one of the strongest figures of Spanish America.

It was 1810 that marked the beginning of the first disturbances which were to result in the breaking up of the Empire of Ferdinand VII, then King of Spain, giving birth to the many republics that are today the Spanish American countries. In the course of the Napoleonic invasion the King was taken prisoner. After the meeting at Bayonne of Napoleon, Ferdinand and the Prince of the Asturias, the first *Juntas* or popular assemblies sprang up to awaken national resistance. Similarly *Juntas* formed in the Spanish colonies and governed them until the King was freed. Gradually the idea of independence began to spread and by 1812 a common aspiration for freedom stirred the South American Continent. Originally the movement was aristocratic in a sense that only a limited group of the most important families of Spanish blood began and supported it. The ideas of the French Revolution and the example of the United States were the spiritual forces that motivated us.

O'Higgins was one of the most ardent defenders of the movement for independence (his father had already died). He had just returned from England where he had been educated. There he had met Francisco Miranda, the first South American to envision complete independence. That illustrious Venezuelan was one of the mentors of O'Higgins, for whom he had great respect. But O'Higgins had no need of outside influences to arouse his love of freedom. It must not be forgotten that his Irish blood, his background, everything impelled him to esteem liberty as one of the loftiest of spiritual values.

Together with the majority of the South American leaders O'Higgins was faced with the tremendous problem of organizing out of practically nothing makeshift armies to confront the Spanish soldiery, veterans of a hundred battles—especially after the French were driven from Spain by Wellington. This released Spanish soldiers to come to America to stamp out the Revolution. In this article, which is written as sort of a meditation, it is hardly necessary to enter into the manifold details and happenings which history records. But I do wish to mention some of the most striking events which bring out the indomitable spirit of Bernardo O'Higgins.

In 1814 a powerful Spanish army under the command of General Osorio landed in Chile. At the time a series of disputes had arisen among the Chilean army leaders who were chiefly motivated by the political ambitions of Manuel Carrera, a descendant of one of the most celebrated Spanish families living in Chile, who had enlisted in the armies of the Revolution but who would submit to no other leadership than his own. In these critical circumstances, when any disunity would have been fatal, the noble spirit of O'Higgins, who loved his country far above all particular interests, began to manifest itself. He came at the head of his army to Carrera, and instead of giving battle offered to fight as an humble soldier without rank if only both armies could stand shoulder to shoulder against the common enemy. Then came the heroic defense of Rancagua, where O'Higgins, with inimitable valor, asked no quarter. Instead, sallying out of the besieged city one October day with his cavalry, he attacked the Spanish army and passed through them and over them, thus avoiding complete disaster. The monument which Chile has erected to him in Santiago portrays him on a horse at full gallop with a Spanish soldier at his feet, raising his voice in command above the clamor of the battle to lead a desperate charge to save his handful of soldiers from a superior enemy force. With the men that survived and those he succeeded in recruiting in towns and cities, he withdrew to Argentina to organize the Army of the Andes together with General José de San Martín, one of the liberators of Latin America. In 1817 he crossed the Andes and confronted the Spaniards who were not expecting him so soon. On the 12th of February the battle of Chacabuco decided the first step toward the reestablishment of Chilean independence, which was completely secured on the 5th of May in 1818, in the battle of Maipú, with San Martín as generalissimo.

But the heart of the Empire was Peru, and as long as Peru was not free a sword of Damocles threatened the other Spanish American countries. Simon Bolívar, San Martín and O'Higgins understood this. The first tried to come down from the north with the armies of Venezuela and Colombia. O'Higgins then prepared an expedition of liberation that sailed from Valparaiso in four small sailing vessels. O'Higgins is said to have ex-

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claimed: "These frail timbers bear the whole destiny of Hispanic America." San Martín as well as Bolivar gave support to Juntas formed to secure Peruvian independence. It fell finally to Simon Bolívar to complete the task. With the battles of Junin and Ayacucho her independence was secured. That final battle took place on the 9th of December, 1824.

As a statesman

Once liberty had been won Bernardo O'Higgins made himself supreme director of Chile. His first moves consisted in setting up a strong government, a powerful and centralized régime which would prevent the anarchy that began to manifest itself at intervals throughout the Spanish American countries. O'Higgins embodied in his government remarkable administrative methods and keen political intuitions that even today are not well understood in my country. He saw from the very first that it was impossible to pass abruptly from a colonial status to the establishment of a republic of the advanced, liberal type to which the majority of our republics aspired. The dark cloud of the Spanish monarchy hung over our way of looking at things and weighed heavily upon our social and political customs.

Our countries were still too young, too immature in a political sense. Several reasons explain the political instability that set in directly after the winning of our independence:

1. The abrupt transition from the absolutist régime of the King of Spain to the effort to set up liberal republics among people unable yet to understand such liberties and the political benefits that would follow them.
2. The absence of a middle class, the necessary link between the aristocracy and the masses.
3. The ignorance of the masses and their low standard of civilization.
4. The political ambitions of the military chieftains that initiated that period of anarchy in countries where scarcely any civil or social groups organized to serve as a basis for stable government existed.
5. The lack of communications, the difficult geography of these countries, etc., that furthered disorder in this period of our history.

O'Higgins foresaw that anarchy would follow his defeat and downfall. He wished to control at the outset a unity of disparate elements by establishing a government which was strong and highly centralized. He had for his support the army, perhaps the only force that could govern at that critical stage. Our aristocracy was still powerless. And it remained so until 1833. *We had accomplished our French Revolution but without a middle class.* (This is an idea that I never tire of repeating.) It was a situation which the majority of our first government leaders in Latin America did not or did not wish to understand. The political intuition which O'Higgins displayed indicated his stature as a leader. When the Republic of Chile was founded in 1833 the genius of Diego Portales put into practice many of the ideas of O'Higgins.

The aristocracy and factional ambitions succeeded in bringing about the downfall of O'Higgins. Although he could count on the support of the army, he preferred to resign when a group of prominent people of Santiago demanded that he step down. We have a famous painting before which no Chilean student can pause without emotion: it represents the moment at which Bernardo O'Higgins, the Irishman, he who had given freedom to a nation, divested himself of the insignia of office and in a noble gesture, in order to avoid bloodshed, dropped the reins of power and withdrew modestly to exile in Peru.

Peru outdid Chile at this moment: it gave him an estate to which he could retire and spend the rest of his life. O'Higgins, like Bolívar and San Martín, died unknown, abandoned by his own people, suffering from the ingratitude of the very people whom he had liberated.

There are many Irish figures in the history of Latin America: O'Reilly, Morris, O'Ryan, O'Brien, etc. I believe that none of them is more illustrious than Bernardo O'Higgins. His fate was a curious one: his father, one of the last Spanish viceroys, was a man who redounded to the prestige of the Spanish Crown because of his loyalty and integrity. Bernardo O'Higgins accomplished other things, for his was a work of liberation. Both without question embodied the same virtues of the Irish race: honor, integrity and idealism, the love of the lofty values of the spirit. Bernardo O'Higgins loved freedom most of all.

New World's First Saint

By D. H. MOSELEY

IN 1586, less than a century after the coming of Columbus, and only fifty-three years after Pizarro's conquest of Peru, the little girl who would be canonized as America's first saint was born in Lima, the city of the kings. Her parents had her baptized Isabella, but her Indian nursemaid, entranced by the baby's delicate complexion, caused her to be called Rose. When the child was old enough to receive the Sacrament of Confirmation, the Archbishop of Lima, that Saint Toribio who also confirmed Blessed Martin of Porres, spontaneously named her Rose. She is known today as Saint Rose of Lima, patroness of all America, the Philippines and the Indies.

I confess that I had a childhood prejudice against Saint Rose. I fancy that others have shared it. I found it hard to understand why anyone should object to being beautiful. I was

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shocked by the accounts of her life of penance. Now, I find a measure of comfort in the tradition that the young girl was trying to atone in her own small person for the conquerors' cruelty to the Indians. Perhaps it is fitting that the patroness of the New World should have sought to expiate crimes against the natives that were all too common in both North and South America.

Rose was a true mystic, literal, loving and iron-willed. It would be interesting to know what inspired this Peruvian child. The influences on religious life in Lima were largely Spanish, of course, and in the previous century there had been a marked renaissance of mysticism in Spain. Saint Teresa, whose brother Don Lorenzo de Cepeda was one of the early adventurers in Peru, died but four years before Rose's birth; gentle Saint Francis Borgia sent members of the Society of Jesus to Peru; memory of the great mystics Saint Peter of Alcántara and Saint John of the Cross were still fresh, and their influence had been felt by the Spanish clergy. Saint Toribio and Saint Francis Solanus were actually at work in South America, so there was no need to seek further for models of patience and courage: they found no journey too difficult, no language too hard to master, when there were missions to visit and groups to convert. But the commonly accepted idea is that Rose read, when a child, the life of Saint Catherine of Siena, and was fired to imitate *la Beata Popolana.*

As Rose's parents were in moderate circumstances, she decided that, although her vocation was contemplative, her place was at home helping her family. She built herself a little oratory at the far end of the garden; to this she would retire for prayer.

The more we read about one of her small brothers, the more convinced we are that a retreat of some kind was necessary. He and Rose were playmates, and he probably suspected her desire for perfection. One day, according to the story, he flung a mud pie that splashed her shining auburn hair and fair pink and white skin. Her blue eyes flashed in indignation. He reveled in her temper, and taunted her with being vain. Vanity was abhorrent to her, so she grasped the shears and lopped off her long hair. That was the first of many anti-beauty treatments, but, alas! it merely served to enhance her loveliness. A neighbor could not resist placing a crown of yellow roses on the child's short curls, and this was so becoming that her mother formed the habit of decking her with a garland of roses. It is said that Rose contrived to arrange the prickly thorns next to her brow; already the idea of penance had taken possession.

The brother plays a part in a legend of her childhood. He watched her as she tossed roses into the air and saw them fall to the ground in the shape of a cross. Again and again, she delightedly tossed the blossoms; again and again, they formed a cross. That was easy, the small boy boasted. He could play that game. He filled his hands with blossoms and flung them high; they fell pellmell. Had you surmised already that he was not a saint?

Lima, which lies between towering mountains and the Pacific at a point where it is chilled by the Humboldt Current, has a climate very friendly to flowers if they are well watered and cultivated. Heliotrope, roses, jasmine, honeysuckle and magnolias abound even today, and you can imagine how they responded to the loving care of a saint. Wealthy patrons bought Rose's blossoms and helped her to swell the family earnings. The sanctuary of Santa Rosa de los Padres, built on the site of her home, has a garden rich in memories of her. Stories are told of how she and a bird would answer each other in song, of how even the mosquitoes would not sting her as she worked. And, of course, the flowers that she raised were the fairest in all Peru.

As we read her story, and find it so full of flowers, we hark back to accounts of other youthful saints, and we wonder if men have unconsciously associated God-given beauty, natural and spiritual, or if they have tried to conceal with blossoms sufferings from which their minds recoil. We remember Cecelia crowned with roses before her martyrdom, Dorothy presented with a basket of roses and apples with which to confound her persecutor, and Elizabeth of Hungary wondrously favored by having the bread that she was carrying to the poor turn to red and white roses on the approach of her angry husband. Who can forget the white violets that covered the board on which lovely Fina of San Gimignano lay, or the cherry trees that bloomed many times a year in answer to the prayer of Marguerite? Little Saint Bernadette Soubirous, kneeling one bleak February day before the grotto of Lourdes, saw a yellow rose beneath Our Lady's feet. And Saint Thérèse of Lisieux's love of the field flowers of France, the daisies and buttercups, the wild poppies and vetch, is alluded to only less often than the shower of roses that she promised she would send. In the lives of those saints there was much to bewilder the onlooker, and so there was in Saint Rose of Lima's. There must be a temptation to any save the hardiest biographer to stress flowers rather than disciplines.

But saints' biographers are a hardy lot, and seldom shirk from depicting woe. Rose's rigorous fasts, the metal chain that she wore next to her tender skin, the spiked circlet hidden beneath a crown of blossoms are duly described by those who have written about her. If you wish to read of her penances, you will find them enumerated in mid-seventeenth century biographies. Among the rare

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books in the New York Public Library are faded copies of these old lives by Hansen, Bertolini and González de Acuna, and also an Italian life, published in 1655, of Saint Toribio, the Archbishop of Lima who confirmed Rose.

To our modern way of thinking, Rose's disciplines were so foreign that we are inclined to condemn them; but we must remember that she was not without guidance. It is true that, aided and abetted by an Indian slave girl who was devoted to her, she devised remarkable penances. But she was obedient to her confessor when warned against carrying matters too far. It is a comfort to realize that Rose was not altogether a free-lance saint, for she became a member of the Third Order of Saint Dominic. She wore the Dominican habit although she lived at home.

Rose did not die at home, however, but in the house of a friend situated where the Monastery of Santa Rosa was later built. The people of Lima paid that spontaneous tribute to her which so often marks the passing of a saint. They surged to her bier, anxious to look for the last time on the face of one who had lived among them for most of her thirty-one years.

Immediately the Peruvians began to discuss Rose's holiness. Accounts of her life reached Rome. As early as 1664, Hansen's Latin biography of her was published there, and it was followed by others in Italian, German and Spanish. Bertolini called his "The Peruvian Rose." Her story captivated hearts much as that of Thérèse of Lisieux did many years later. The world wanted to see her canonized. This was done by Pope Clement X in 1671, fifty-four years after her death.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

WHEN the active editors of THE COMMONWEAL suggested that this column might be helpful to their plan of devoting the current issue, of Columbus Day features, to the promotion of Pan Americanism, reminding me, as one who ought to remember such a fact, of how from its beginning, nearly twenty years ago, THE COMMONWEAL has tried to foster inter-American cooperation, two contending thoughts struggled to control what I should write in response to their suggestion. There was the thought of how very little had seemed to be accomplished by the constant stream of articles, editorials and book reviews which this journal devoted to the subject now so much under discussion until the shock of war broke down the mental Chinese Wall of indifference and isolation behind which the United States, including most of its Catholic population, and Catholic leaders, tried to ignore other nations outside the wall, except, of course, when it came to doing business with them, on our terms exclusively. Then there was the corrective thought, or, at least, the hopeful impulse, to have faith that in spite of the absence of positive proof that what this journal so constantly, without encouragement, or signs even of interest, still less of cooperation from our leaders in State and Church, published about the great need for Pan American cooperation, after all did have some good effect, did play a part in that awakening which the Roosevelt administration brought about, and which the shock of war has now made complete—and let us, with remembrance of our lapse into isolationist sloth after the first world war, sincerely pray that the awakening will be permanent.

In our very first volume, in February, 1925, the late and always lamented R. Dana Skinner, long before that time a close student of Latin American contemporary life, as well as of its history, in an article entitled "Why Pan Americanism?" struck with his accustomed clarity and calm force the key-note of the thesis of why, both as Catholics and as American citizens, this subject was of such paramount importance. On our staff was (alas! again I must refer to one who is dead, but still keeping on with his work through his books and his influence) Thomas Walsh—a real expert in Latin American life—its religion, the primary force of that life; its literature, especially its poetry; its culture and its mundane affairs. He contributed a steady stream of notes, book reviews, translated and original verse in which Latin American interests, and the Spanish and Portuguese fountain-heads of its life, were kept before the attention of our readers. Then there were the highly valuable articles and reviews of William Franklin Sands, particularly enlightening in regard to diplomatic and governmental problems, but based upon profounder factors, a philosophy of history rooted in Catholicism. Not directly dealing with Pan Americanism, but inclusive of that theme implicitly at least, were the extraordinarily prophetic essays by Carlton J. H. Hayes, now applying his deep knowledge of history, especially of the history of modern Christendom, as our Ambassador to Spain, on aggressive nationalism as the new and menacing religion of our age, and on our obligations, as Catholics, to America. Then there were the remarkable articles by Waldo Frank, not a Catholic, but perhaps more appreciative than most of our uninstructed and indifferent Catholics of fifteen years ago of the vital part played by the Church in Latin American life and culture. But to continue would be to write a far lengthier foot-note to the contents of the first five or six volumes of THE COMMONWEAL which I have skimmed, than could be printed here, and the story runs onward through all the succeeding volumes.

As I have said, how far and to what extent all these writings, in so many fields, scattered seed that fell on other than rocky soil, and in many minds and souls took root and fructified into the present harvest of effective action in Pan American cooperation, it is impossible to know, but it seems justifiable to believe that they were helpful. On the other hand, I well remember the deep disappointment experienced by our editors and members of the editorial council when our publication of a definite and highly promising plan for a Pan-American Catholic

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Congress, the work of the late Dr. Julio Betancourt, a citizen of the State of Colombia, formerly minister to the Vatican, and Spain, and the United States, first printed here January 18, 1928, and re-printed some years later, failed, so far as we could ascertain, to stir even a ripple of interest in our universities and colleges, in the Catholic press, or among our official leaders. Yet today what is the equivalent of Dr. Betancourt's proposal has actually taken form in the seminar in which South and Central American ecclesiastics have lately been conferring with ecclesiastical representatives of the Church in the United States and Canada. And that movement, we may hope and trust, has come to stay, and to grow.

Let us also hope and trust that as it grows it will include a feature upon which Dr. Betancourt, himself a layman, properly laid much stress—indeed, it was an integral part of his plan, that of the cooperation and, in some branches of the work, a measure of leadership, of the lay element in the Church.

Postscript: The two thoughts with which I started out have been merged, so it seems to me, in a reflection which as long-ago editor of this paper I can pass on to its present staff. Namely, the discouraging facts stated are real enough, and apply to other themes than that of Pan Americanism; but discouragement is a weaker spirit than faith, especially when that faith comes from the primary Faith of the Church. The faith of the writers, including the ignored and humble but now successful Dr. Julio Betancourt, and all the other named and unnamed contributors of this paper, in cooperation with our Latin American neighbors, on grounds furnished by higher motives than national and personal selfishness, greed, or isolationist sloth, was given a medium of expression by your paper, in the past, and now at long last is bearing fruit. So may it be, so I believe it will be, with other causes and interests, now and in the future. Keep up your work, it deserves and will find adequate support.

The Stage & Screen

Saroyan—Chesterton

LIKE "Talking to You," which New York briefly glimpsed six weeks ago, "Hello Out There" is William Saroyan in his tender rather than his cocky manner. It's a short play, even shorter than "Talking to You," and while its subject is a lynching, the key is predominantly lyric rather than dramatic. A wandering poolroom gambler with the fine name of Photo Finish has been jailed in Texas on a false—or half false—rape charge. He's lonely and a little frightened and he wants to talk to somebody, to establish contact. The young drudge who cooks for the jail hears him calling; she's lonely, too, and answers. They fall in love with each other's loneliness. But before she can help him escape, the outraged husband and the mob arrive.

Saroyan has done it before and he does it again: communicates the poignancy of human separateness and the

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brave futile struggle of the little person for room in the world. Eddie Dowling has put Saroyan further in his debt by duplicating his sensitive production of "The Time of Your Life." He has cast himself as Photo Finish. Reading the play when it appeared in book form last spring, I had pictured Photo Finish as a younger man, but Dowling's performance convinced me that I was mistaken; this is a man who has been around and taken his knocks. Dowling's beautifully paced reading of the dialogue recalls his fine performance in Philip Barry's "Here Come the Clowns." Dowling has been wise, too, to retain Julie Haydon from "The Time of Your Life." Miss Haydon has a unique quality, compounded of lyric immateriality and spiritual bafflement. And always utter sincerity. John Farrell is effective as the outraged husband, but the few members of the "mob" are as ineffective as such groups generally are. They give an amateurish atmosphere to the finish of the play; they had best been left to our imagination.

Chesterton's method is directly opposite to Saroyan's. Saroyan's approach is always through the emotions; Chesterton's through the intellect, even when, as in "Magic," he sets out to demonstrate the existence of realities beyond the intellect. Most of the critics have called "Magic" dated, but I don't believe it's essentially more dated than when it was first performed. (The first New York performance was in 1917.) I think a better description is "literary." From beginning to end it is rigidly controlled to present a thesis. The characters are not so much a group of people as a group of embodiments. The worldly cleric; the pragmatic scientist; the materialistic youth; the opportunistic aristocrat; the romantic girl. Into the household where these are gathered arrives a man of mystery whom the girl has mistaken for a magician but who confesses himself a mere conjuror. But in a moment of exasperation he betrays himself by a genuine miracle.

Chesterton can be on occasion as witty as Shaw, but he can't be as dramatic. And less flesh covers his characters. Dowling has directed the play in a deliberately low key—so low that I had difficulty hearing the dialogue when, at the end, Chesterton was driving home his point. Dowling again plays the chief rôle personally, but with more restraint and less magnetism than he displayed in his somewhat similar rôle in "Here Come the Clowns." Barry's play was less explicit, less sharply conceived and ordered than Chesterton's, but a great deal more compelling because of its superior humanity.

Miss Haydon accomplishes the transition from Texas drudge to fey aristocrat without any sacrifice of quality. Stanley Harrison is the most rewarding of the supporting players. He plays the volatile Duke with contagious delight. Watson Barratt has designed interpretative settings for both plays, which Feder has lighted with his usual skill.

Taken together, "Talking to You" and "Magic" don't constitute an evening of vigorous dramatic impact. But it's an interesting and provocative evening which deserves inclusion in a healthy theatrical season.

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Strip for Action

MY EMPLOYERS inform me that my notice of Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse's "Strip for Action" must yield for a week to Pan America. Meanwhile, I wish most heartily to thank Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Crouse for my most enjoyable evening of the current season. *(At the Belasco.)* DAVID BURNHAM.

Babes in the Village

"MY SISTER EILEEN" is one of those comedies that rolls you in the aisles with glee. You can't believe that the two girls from Columbus, Ohio, could come to New York to pursue their careers and still be as sophisticated and naïve as Ruth and Eileen. Neither can you believe that many men could find Rosalind Russell so plain that they would neglect her in the rush to get to Janet Blair. Neither can you believe that so many zany experiences could happen to a single pair of girls in New York—even if they did live in Greenwich Village. But it's all in fun. And very sprightly fun, too. Several of the people who did such a good job in putting Ruth McKenney's stories on the stage are now responsible for the film. Max Gordon who produced the play has given the film an excellent production. Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov, who adapted the delightful and slightly autobiographical McKenney tales for the stage, wrote the screenplay by adjusting most of their original material to cinema technique. Janet Blair, the stage's Eileen, is still the pretty, not-too-smart blonde with stage aspirations.

If you saw "My Sister Eileen" on the stage you're

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likely to find the movie rather repetitive, but still, if you're as keen about Miss Russell as I am, you'll enjoy watching and hearing her put over some clever cracks and handle the amusing situations. Alexander Hall has directed his cast well and with a fast pace that keeps you from delving into any of the problems seriously. The two girls are considerably helped or annoyed in their trying and humorous New York experiences by Brian Aherne, the editor who thinks something should be done about Ruth's prose and who is one man who can look beyond Eileen to see Ruth; George Tobias, the landlord who also paints and writes poetry and epic dramas but keeps no promises; Allyn Joslyn, who is very much on the make for gullible Eileen; Gordon Jones, the football-playing neighbor who usually hangs around the girls' apartment in his shorts; and Elizabeth Patterson, Grant Mitchell, June Havoc—not to speak of the six Portuguese Merchant Marine Cadets who follow Ruth home but are overjoyed to discover Eileen. But then practically all of New York seems to stream through this apartment. As Ruth says to Eileen, "I'm not worried about you—not while there's a man alive."

The trouble with the movies is pictures like *"Girl Trouble."* It is mainly about Don Ameche, a Venezuelan who is in the United States to get a loan for his rubber plantation. While he is waiting for Frank Craven, America's most influential rubber magnate, to OK a two-million-dollar loan, he rents Joan Bennett's apartment. Socialite Joan finds herself broke, so is glad to get $600 from Ameche. She also seems pleased to work as his maid. You know what happens. Don falls for Joan, Craven refuses the loan. Don gets angry, thinks Joan is queering the deal. Joan persuades Craven to make the loan. Don gets loan and Joan. This is the kind of a plot that used to be the background for the musical comedies of thirty years ago. Now we don't even have good songs to pep it up. The script has a few timely cracks about rubber shortage, girdles and such. Its funniest scene is supposedly the one in which Billie Burke (lovelier and dillier than ever), collecting Ameche's clothes for her Bundles for Bluejackets, throws all his suits out the window. There is supposed to be a movement these days to cement relationships with Latin America. "Girl Trouble" gets its feet caught in the cement and is likely to make our good neighbors think we're even sillier than we are.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

A Rumor Looked Into

By HARRY LORIN BINSSE

AMONG people in the US whom a bent of mind or a professional interest leads to study the problems of race relations, there has long been current a rumor—"Brazil has found the solution." The rumor is elaborated: in Brazil there is no color line; equality of opportunity is an established fact; all sorts of prominent people there would be mere "niggers" here. Despite these hints of a promised land, remarkably little has been published on this subject in a form available to the ordinary American.

"This Publishing Business"

THIS WAR IS THE PASSION—Late last Fall we published a little book which seems well on the way to be recognized as a "classic." Everyone seems to like it: Catholic and Non-Catholic, there has not been a single unfriendly review. People continue to write us enthusiastic letters about it.

The author, Caryll Houselander, is a young Englishwoman, a painter by profession. For years her favorite subject has been the stations of the cross, which she has painted again and again. She writes, "Do you think that because Christ was not on his knees at the Last Supper, that he did not pray? Do you not realize that when He was on the cross, His hands and His feet prayed?"

THIS WAR IS THE PASSION grew out of the shock of the war on a mind that had been for years devoted to the Way of the Cross. Her most recent set of Stations utilizes as a background the ruined streets of London as they appeared after the blitzing through which she lived and worked. She writes:

"Things have happened which have changed the course of our lives forever. . . . Just now the world is metaphorically mad, standing on its head, forced to be mad that it may be at all. But after the war we shall stand on our feet and take off our tin hats. After the war, what will have happened to the mind under the tin hat?

"The sight of suffering inflicted on innocent people fills us with a kind of violent enery, and that energy can very easily turn to hate. But if we like we can turn it to love instead. And that can be done in the simplest way possible; instead of working ourselves up into a fury and exhausting the extra energy we have got, we can spend it in doing something to relieve the suffering that provoked it. . . .

"During the past years we have come to know other countries; from being fantastic far-away places, they have become real. They have gradually appeared through the mists and we have seen that they are not stranger countries. We know them because we know the crucifix and they are crucified. The only unity that exists now between these countries—and it does exist—is the greatest unity of all, the only one that could bridge across the injuries and bitterness of this war, the organic oneness of Christ in His members. In them all He will rise again."

Of the merely pius person, who shrinks from life, she has this striking phrase: "He desires," she says, "merely to exist: to pickle himself, as it were, in piety, like a gherkin in vinegar, awaiting the eternal Feast."

Father Leonard Feeney says of THIS WAR IS THE PASSION: "Every page contains a thrust of spiritual wisdom so profound, so sudden and unstudied, that it gives the reader the impression of being himself under siege while he reads." We believe this is an important book, a book to read carefully and to give to friends. Price $2.00

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Magazine editors have not taken the business up, and what little authentic information we have had available was either buried in long-forgotten travel books or in relatively obscure and little publicized nooks and crannies of the academic world. This condition still maintains, but at least we now have one academic treatment of the subject which is appallingly complete and has all the earmarks of being reliable. Anyone who wants to find out the truth and be in a position to rectify the rumor can do so, although there is little likelihood that this new volume will ever catch the public's eye or attract wide popular interest.

The University of Chicago Press is the publisher we have to thank for issuing this veritable mound of information, and Dr. Donald Pierson is the man who has been digging. His volume is called "Negroes in Brazil: a Study of Race Contact at Bahia," and it costs $4.00. I can scarcely recommend it to the general reader, for the learned Doctor has admirably bathed his findings in academic dullness. He belongs to that school which believes in dotting every *i* and crossing every *t*. Every conclusion he reaches must be justified with all the vacuous paraphernalia of the social "sciences," consisting largely in endless "proof" of things not subject to proof, and often self-evident enough scarcely to require it. He is a cautious man, thoroughly from Missouri. And to read his book requires either an exceptional interest in its subject-matter, or a mind like his own, impervious to tedium.

But his findings more than redeem his method. Here, I am satisfied, is as fair a statement of the truth about the position of the Negro in Brazil as is likely ever to be made—unless some day a poet should tackle the theme.

I shall try to summarize Dr. Pierson's conclusions as fairly as he states them. It boils down to this. The rumor is very largely true; or, to be more precise, like many common rumors, it reflects and at the same time distorts truth. Brazil is not a Negro paradise, but the reason is simple. Brazil is in this world and not in the next. It harbors inequalities and injustices and miseries as every country in the world harbors such things. But it is free, blessedly free, from one of our own most desperate blemishes. It is free of racial hatred and blind racial prejudice. *All other things being equal,* a Brazilian Negro (or mixed blood) has complete social equality with a Brazilian white. Suppose he is a professional man of distinction. White people will unhesitatingly recognize his competence; white women will not look askance at the idea of marrying him; he will be eligible for the best clubs, and his children can go to any school he has a mind to send them to. But this must not be taken to mean that Brazil's vast colored population, even a large part of it, enjoys any such status. It does not. The Negro came to Brazil as a slave, to do the heavy or menial work his white masters despised. Because the society which received him also mixed its blood with his, he soon began to lose his African "purity," and there grew up a vast middling class of mixed bloods, many of them free men long before emancipation was made universal. But slaves kept coming, up to the middle of the last century, and they continuously constituted, both in slavery and in freedom, the Brazilian lower class. Meanwhile what pure whites there were, by inheritance and by privilege, continued to be the élite.

Hence the actual social structure in Brazil is by and large very simple. At the bottom, economically depressed and often in genuine misery, are the blacker blacks (with a handful of equally poor whites—people either shiftless or recently immigrated). The large middle area—mechanics, minor government officials, army people, small business men and employees—is largely occupied by mixed people, varying from quite dark to quite light (with a few "pure" whites and blacks thrown in). At the top, in the professions, in big business, in large landholding, are the whites (with a handful of mixed bloods and a tiny pinch of blacks). It should be added, of course, that because there has never been any prejudice against miscegenation *as such,* almost no Brazilian whites can claim simon purity. Negroes have been in Brazil over 400 years. To find anyone without the least touch of the tarbrush would indeed be a miracle.

So there, in very brief outline, is the situation. Brazil is no Negro paradise. But because it has never been infected with the virus of race hatred, those strongly negroid in their inheritance who have achieved position and success all belong to the single national community of their peers and are not, as with us, herded into a ghetto community sharply dissevered from the rest of the nation. Dr. Pierson explicitly attributes this in large part to the influence of the Church's teaching, to the doctrine of the mystical body, though he is doubtless innocent of the precise, technical name. Catholics may hope that this is true, although American Catholics have certainly done little to justify his faith.

"Negroes in Brazil" has much else in it of "believe it or not" interest. Particularly exciting is the information it furnishes on African culture-survivals in that country—something substantially non-existent in the United States. But this is largely frosting for our cake. And heavy as that cake may be, we must thank Dr. Pierson for having gathered its ingredients and baked it.

Carlos Pereyra

By PAUL V. MURRAY

IT SEEMS singularly fitting that North Americans, who are currently celebrating the four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the discovery of America by a Spanish expedition headed by Columbus, should know something about a Mexican, Carlos Pereyra, who devoted much of his life to telling the colorful story of what followed in the wake of the seemingly unimportant landing at San Salvador on the morning of October 12, 1492. It is also appropriate in that Carlos Pereyra, who was called by one of his compatriots and contemporaries "the best of all the historians of Spanish America," died on June 30, 1942, in the hospital of San José in Madrid.

At Saltillo, the capital of the frontier state of Coahuila, Pereyra was born in 1871. As a young man in Mexico City he took his law degree at the Escuela Nacional de

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Jurisprudencia. Soon afterwards he took part in publishing a paper which was suppressed by the authorities under Diaz, but the venture finally succeeded in its primary purpose of overthrowing the dictatorship exercised in his native state of Coahuila by one Colonel Galán. It was five years later, as editor of *El Expectador* of Monterrey in the State of Nuevo Leon, that he first manifested his interest in history by describing one of the battles against Maximilian's troops. Pereyra continued to write for newspapers and magazines throughout his life.

When he was thirty, he collaborated on an important biography of Benito Juarez with the prominent educator and writer, Justo Sierra. He also wrote a short history of the Mexican people and collaborated with Sierra on a collection of "Documentos ineditos o muy raros para la Historia de Mexico." He taught history, represented Coahuila in Congress and was sent to Havana and Washington on diplomatic missions by the Diaz Government.

Upon the Madero revolution he exiled himself to the United States, but returned with Huerta and was sent as Mexican Minister to Belgium and Holland. When the World War broke out and the Carranza revolution succeeded, he moved to Switzerland, where for a time he was obliged to rely on his wife's piano lessons for their sole support. Finally he went to Madrid, where from 1920 to 1932 he produced more than thirty volumes dealing primarily with Hispanic-American themes. He refused to leave Madrid during the Spanish Civil War, and never returned to Mexico.

Carlos Pereyra had two great passions in his historical work. One was Mexico, the other Spain. Beginning his career under the influence of Mexican "liberal" politics and positivistic philosophy, then so dominant in the country's educational theory, he turned slowly to a reexamination of the past from a study of Mexico, and passed to a consideration of its Spanish roots; and from these two local interests he found himself drawn to a consideration of America as a whole, North, Central and South alike.

From this investigation and study flowed a long stream of books. No complete bibliography of Pereyra has yet been assembled, but the works may be divided into three general groups. First were those dedicated to a study of Spanish civilization in America in which, with document in hand, the historian successfully refuted many of the falsehoods which had sprung up in the wake of Spain's rise and decline as a world power. His work is of especial importance in any consideration of the famous "Black Legend" of Spanish cruelty. Books that could be included in the first group are: "La obra de España en América"; "La conquista de la rutas oceánicas"; "Hernán Cortés y la epopeya de Anáhuac"; "Las huellas de los Conquistadores"; "Hernán Cortés" (perhaps the best biography of the great conqueror yet written); "Francisco Pizarro y el tesoro de Atahualpa"; "Humboldt en América."

The second group comprised works done in close connection with his first intention—studies concerned with particular historical problems of the American republics which were formed from the immense empire of old Spain. Among the more outstanding books of this second category are: "Rosas y Thiers; la diplomacia europea en el Río

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de la Plata"; "El pensamiento político de Alberdi"; "El General Sucre, Bolívar y Washington; un paralelo imposible"; "Francisco Solano López y la guerra del Paraguay." Crowning this magnificent series of works were his eight-volume "Historia de la América Española" and his one-volume "Breve Historia de América."

Under a third heading must be listed the books which he wrote under the influence of his early dislike and distrust of the ambitions of the United States in relation to Latin America. Among these are: "El mito de Monroe"; "Tejas, la primera desmembración de México"; "La Constitución de los Estados Unidos como elemento de dominación plutocrática"; "El crímen de Woodrow Wilson." These books are required reading for students who feel complacent about our past attitudes in Latin American affairs. If the passion and fire of Pereyra burn deeply into the sensibilities of such people, they should remember that many of his charges have been substantiated by eminent American historians like Rippy, Callahan, Manning, Moon and others.

Mexico has produced some of the world's greatest historical writers and investigators. From the conqueror, Bernal Díaz del Castillo, to the gentlemanly man of letters, Joaquín García Icazbalceta, men stand out like giants in the work of inscribing for posterity the glories and defeats of the country's past, present and future. Bernal Díaz; the missionary chroniclers; the overpowering Franciscan, Sahagún; the Jesuits Cavo and Clavijero; Bustamante; Alamán; Cuevas (Luís Gonzaga); Ramírez; Paso y Troncoso; Orozco y Berra; García Icazbalceta; González Obregón; and a host of others, living and dead, on the same high level as those named or just a very little below them, carried on a tradition of historiography which, if not unique in the Hispanic-American world, ranks among the finest that any country in the world can boast.

In this brilliant company, Pereyra's place is assured. In his own lifetime, he sat with his country's modern immortals in the Academia Mexicana de la Historia and in the Academia Mexicana de la Lengua. His penetrating style, his ability to reconstruct the past and relate it vividly to the future, his insistence on documentary proof of assertions, his intellectual integrity, distinguished him from many other writers who have attempted, too often with little success, to untangle the puzzling skein of multicolored threads which form the warp and woof of Hispanic-American history.

Books of the Week

Reading We Would Like

The Epic of Latin American Literature. Arturo Torres-Ríoseco. Oxford. $3.00.

IN THE early stages of studying a literature the teacher whose chief virtue is love of his subject is more useful than one whose forte is exhaustive knowledge or the most expert critical sense. Ability to arouse lively interest is of special importance in a literary history intended for a reading public equipped with scanty knowledge. Professor Torres-Ríoseco's "Epic" appears to cover the ground well and if we allow for the exaggerations always to be expected when a critic expresses his personal tastes, it exhibits good critical and interpretative qualities. But this timely volume really excels because it warmly presents so many figures of whom its readers will want to read much and know more. Enterprising publishers please note.

There is, for instance, that remarkable Mexican poetess, Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz (1651-95), "the greatest literary figure of colonial times." A child prodigy and a beautiful lady-in-waiting at the court of the Viceroy, she entered the Carmelite Order at the age of 16. World famed for her poetry, she was also a playwright, controversialist and empiric philosopher. "Even today her countrymen refer to her under the affectionate name of the 'Tenth Muse.' This great woman's poetry was intuitive. From childhood on she expressed herself in rime and she was shocked to learn that this was not the case with all people."

Or there is that biographical study of a Latin American tyrant, "Civilization and Barbarism: the Life of Juan Facundo Quiroga" (1845), by Domingo Faustino Sarmiento, "perhaps the most important single book of any sort ever produced in Latin Amercia." Facundo's career of crime is anything but inspiring and ends in violent death, but its manner of telling gives an unforgettable picture of the pampas and the types that dwelt there. It is "the acknowledged *chef d'oeuvre* of the Argentine romantic school."

Professor Torres-Ríoseco devotes some of his most fascinating pages to the life of the gauchos, the inspiration of much Latin American prose and verse and song. These hardy individualists who had turned their backs on the ugliness of civilization, went out into the bare and untrammeled expanse of semi-desert to struggle anew for their existence. Except for a very little trading they found that the horse and cow could supply all the material necessities of their primitive, adventurous way of life. Minstrels or *payadors* wandered from camp to camp to be warmly welcomed. The *contrapunto* or improvising song contest between *payadors* excited the wildest enthusiasm. "The very setting of the gaucho's existence moved him to express himself in song. The superb natural phenomena, the profound beauty and mystery of the endless plains, were in themselves strong evokers of poetic emotions."

Finally there is Ricardo Guiraldes's "Don Segundo Sombra" (1926). "Above everything else, this Don Segundo is a complete man, master of himself in every situation, possessor of his soul. His nobility derives from his concept of liberty, which compels him to lead a life of solitude and anarchic individualism, and to wander ceaselessly across the plains." He is seen through the eyes of an impressionable young boy who runs away to join him and who grows to manhood under his tutelage. The novel is in many ways a counterpart of "Don Quixote" and succeeds in idealizing an historic national type.

These are references to a few of the highlights of a book which indicates unmistakably how much we in the United States have to gain from active inter-American cultural collaboration. Yet whatever political significance the volume has is only implicit. The author has succeeded in writing of violence and revolution, injustice and misery, world-weariness and idealism, without indulging in a single political remark. Such an achievement these days should indicate again the author's genuine love for literature—and Latin American literature specifically—for its own sake.

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

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TRAVEL

The Days of Ofelia. Gertrude Diamant. Houghton. $2.75.

A CHARMINGLY written and illustrated book is this glimpse into the lives of the little people of Mexico, the *peones,* as they used to be called, and their city cousins of the capital, as seen by a señorita from the United States through the eyes and the mind of Ofelia, her servant girl. Strictly speaking, Ofelia is not quite a servant girl, but one of the thirteen children of the Escoto family, who wheedles her way into something like personal service, for the reason that her father, a transplanted laborer from Jalisco, has charge of renting the apartment taken by the author.

Apart from the description of a bus trip from Mexico City to Laredo and return, made to satisfy immigration officials, a journey to Tehauntepec, for a wedding, and an excursion to measure the IQ of Otomi Indians, the latter mission seeming to have been the original objective of this Mexican interlude, the story stays close to little Ofelia and her large family. Life in their hut on an adjoining lot is viewed at close range. Everything from diet to death, marriage, marketing, religion, the tragedy of the boy Daniel's extra love affair, and the removal of the clan back to their *tierra* in Jalisco are described with an unusual freshness and authenticity. The picture is real; and the value of the book arises spontaneously, not only from the author's keen sense of humor and human perception, but also from the fact that, with the exception of one or two minor lapses, she takes things for what they are, without injecting the all too familiar anti-Catholic note and superior professionalism that characterizes the first contact of many "enlightened" observers upon the scene.

JAMES A. MAGNER.

BRIEFER

New World Constitutional Harmony. George Jaffin. The Columbia Law Review. $1.00.

A BRIEF documented study which suggests confederation on the basis of the similarities in constitutional law in Canada, the United States and Latin America. It recognizes the differences in our civil law.

DURING the past year THE COMMONWEAL has reviewed, among others, the following books dealing with Latin America: "Admiral of the Ocean Sea" by Samuel Eliot Morison (Little. $3.50); "Amerigo" by Stefan Zweig (Viking. $2.00); "Brazil in Capitals" by Vera Kelsey (Harper. $3.50); "Central America" by Charles Morrow Wilson (Holt. $3.00); "The Haitian People" by James G. Leyburn (Yale. $4.00); "Hernán Cortés" by Salvador de Madariaga (Macmillan. $4.00); "Argentina" by John W. White (Viking. $3.75); "Knight of El Dorado" by German Arciniegas (Viking. $3.00).

CONTRIBUTORS

Raïssa MARITAIN, the wife of Jacques Maritain, is the author of "We Have Been Friends Together" and a number of volumes of French verse.

Clarence FINLAYSON is a Chilean scholar who is at present teaching at Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa. He contributes to a number of South American periodicals.

D. H. MOSELEY frequently contributes articles and reviews to THE COMMONWEAL.

Paul V. MURRAY is principal of the high school department of the American School Foundation in Mexico City and teaches Hispanic-American History. His articles on Mexico have appeared in various Catholic papers and in the Washington *Post.*

Rev. James A. MAGNER, Procurator at the Catholic University in Washington, has long been interested in Pan-American affairs. He is also the founder of the Charles Carroll Forum of Chicago.

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